

however, some terrible people behind us on this occasion taking notes of everything that was said. However, there is an end to everything including examinations and *c'est le premier pas qui conte*. The exam. happily over "good-bye" had to be said all round and our eight weeks' comradeships had to cease and, I think, as we parted, some to Switzerland, some to Russia, Germany, the United States, or to our own old England, we all felt how good it was to have been in touch with other peoples and to learn how much we have in common with people, who, on the surface, perhaps appear very different from ourselves, and to realise that foreigners, like kings, "Live by bread like you, feel want, taste grief, need friends," in short that they in all essentials like ourselves, in spite of their taste for *les escargots* and *les grenouilles* and their other little idiosyncrasies strange to us though perhaps no stranger than our peculiarities are to them.

D. N.

A TEACHER'S IDEALS.

THE higher the ideals with which a teacher has started the more likely is she to become discouraged at the difficulty of their realization. The greatness of her work, as a whole, becomes absorbed and obscured in the multitude of seeming trifles and details that go to make up practical life. In such a case the teacher must remember that nothing is unimportant in her work; at the same time she must be willing to follow Nature's lead. She must not let her plan of education (and she should have some definite plan, aiming at definite objects) become a mere system. She must not be discouraged because she only propose and not dispose for her pupils. If some of her means fail her aim may yet be advanced in other ways. If the object of education were merely to impart the knowledge of certain facts, to train certain faculties or events, cultivate certain habits of mechanical action, she might expect to fulfil these objects in a given time. But when she aims at helping a child in his start on an infinite career, at

opening to him infinite possibilities, she must not be surprised to find her work also vast and infinite. The more she does the more appears still undone, but this does not mean that there has been no progress. The teacher wants to arm herself against despondency by a vivid enthusiasm for her work, which must be quite distinct from personal ambition, a candid attitude towards others so that although she has opinions and methods of her own they shall not be exclusive, and a hopeful mind willing to do her best and leave the rest. To keep up their enthusiasm and interest teachers should communicate as much as possible with others, read educational works, and, as far as possible, keep some other good, though not necessarily professional, works on hand. The more objective interest she can bring into her own life the better it will be for her pupils, and the more she can keep in touch with others who are fired with enthusiasm in their work the more likely is her own enthusiasm to burn brightly.

PETER'S WINDOW.

THE window is open, but Peter's eyes are dim. The whole world seems to be waiting for someone to step forward and take the place of chief arbiter and foremost figure. One never sees how large a personality can loom till only its shadow is visible, and the translation of our late Queen to another sphere seems to have left the world saying—"And afterwards—what else?" Personal influence when exercised no longer through the medium of personality, but only by surviving ideas, is a fascinating subject—compare, for instance, without political bias, the influence to-day of Disraeli and Gladstone. The former's dream of Empire is now a solid reality, the latter's very followers are scattered and divided.

The other day, a child was repeating its "duty towards its neighbour," and produced the following:—"To love, honour, and *succeed* (!) my father and mother." Verbally, of course,

it was a ridiculous error, but I am not sure whether the spirit was not only right, but one too little met with. To be ready and capable to take up the duties their elders may be forced to lay down is to be "well educated," and to do so willingly is to make old age a well deserved rest of mind, as well as body, for those to whom we owe so much.

As a type of the child who is "dragged up," we have before us the redoubtable *Babs the Impossible*. The authoress has spared her heroine all the consequences of her ignorance of life, but then Cadenhouse was one of the better type of men. To know themselves, physically, morally, and mentally, is the first lesson we must teach our children, and to blink at ugly possibilities is to make them probabilities.

We shall all probably, very shortly, be going down to the sea, if not in ships, at least where ships can be seen—is there any study more fascinating than the rigs and destinations, mast flags or funnel bands of our sea-farers? *The Ship—Her Story* is rather recondite, but it would increase tenfold the children's pleasure during their sea-side holidays if we could, by studying it or any other book, tell them something of the ships which pass—too often for them—in the night of ignorance.

Ah me! This column was originally intended not to be "wholly professional," yet "education" has smuggled itself into every sentence—so often we cannot look out of the window because we must follow the motions within our own room.

CRITICAL READING CLUB.

THE Secretary—Miss A. Pennythorne, Sunnyside, Rawtenstall—regrets deeply that owing to nothing having been definitely arranged before the publication of the last number she has not received as yet any names of members, nor any suggestions as to books. It is surely not possible that there are no students who are anxious to join, but it is only too probable that few have grasped the fact that the Society exists. The rules are—

- (1) Each member to send, on receipt of *L'Umile Pianta* for the quarter, three names of books which she might wish to have chosen for future reading.
- (2) To read the books named in the current number of *L'Umile Pianta* (or if this is impossible to substitute two others).
- (3) To send before the 15th September next, a post card (on which the views and criticisms of the sender are written) to the Secretary.

A selection of post cards from a similar club are published below in order that all may see the sort of thing intended.

An essay on the subject chosen will also be written for each number of the *Pianta* wherever possible by the chooser of the given book or books.

The books chosen for the summer term are—

- (1) *Napoleon—The Last Phase*. Lord Roseberry.
- (2) *Virginibus Puerisque*. R. L. Stephenson.

Post card criticisms on which the Secretary will be glad to receive any time between now and September 15th. Such post cards as may be thought of general interest will be published in each successive number of *L'Umile Pianta*.

POST CARDS.

Crown of Wild Olive. Ruskin.

These lectures are, like all of Ruskin's, somewhat discursive. They are on Art and Political Economy. His views on Art are more practical than on Political Economy, which are often Utopic and unpractical. He is always